

A small package fell from between the screen and front doors. I grabbed it and tore it open. I stared at the chain and charm that slid into the palm of my hand. *Impossible!* It was my mother's and she'd lost it months before her murder. I flipped the envelope over. My name was scribbled on it meaning someone had dropped it by hand. I almost busted the screen door off its hinges when I ran out to see if I could see anyone. How in the heck did it get here?